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The Assassination of the Former Czar Nicholas.

The reports of the assassination of the former Czar Nicholas, which have been coming out of Russia and which have been often confusing and lacking in authority, have received official confirmation through a despatch sent from Moscow by Foreign Minister TCHITCHKINE to the Russian Minister at Darmstadt, Germany. To his brief statement is added by another despatch the detail that the ex-Czar was murdered a few days ago between Ekaterinburg and Perm by members of the Red Guard.

The reason that this notification would be sent to the Hessian court before it was made public through other channels is due to the fact that the former Russian Emperor was a Princess of Hesse and that her brother is the reigning Grand Duke at Darmstadt, the Hessian capital.

The former Czar was as responsible for the conditions that caused his own overthrow as was Louis XVI. In France, whose fate his so strongly parallels. "After me the deluge" might as well have been said by some of his predecessors on the throne as it was by Louis XVI. He was the weakest of the family which had for years attempted to rule the empire.

His indecision of character, his eccentricities of behavior, that at times took on the phases of insanity, his unnatural dread of appearing in public, even when closely guarded by his most trusted bands of Cossacks, and his overwhelming fear of his own subjects, were traits known not only to his court and imperial relations but to the humblest muck of his realm. To these recognized traits of mental and physical weakness he added in the last years of his reign an idolatrous worship of all the material symbolism of the Russian Church, a superstition as markedly pagan as that of his Tartar-Mongolian subjects of the southern steppes, and a trust in soothsayers, fortune tellers, mystics and disreputable, vernal priests of the type of the renegade monk RASPUTIN.

A weak man under such debilitating influences, he was unable to cope with the growing powers of freedom and individualism. The Duma, which he professed to have founded, he encouraged one day in its representation of the Russian spirit of nationalism and free expression, and next day attempted to repress. He was victimized by his own court. His Ministers were corrupt and secretly in the service of Russia's enemies. All the seeds of revolution, discontent and opposition sown in the reign of his predecessors by the ablest and the most cunning of the Russian people, the theorists, dreamers, political intriguers and seekers after power, thrived and grew under his feeble and corrupt rule. While he was still lulled into a stupefying sense of security by the vicious circle surrounding him, revolution fully equipped and unopposed burst upon him. He was swept from the throne of the all powerful Czar, changed in a twinkling into plain Mr. ROMANOFF and exiled with his family to Siberia.

It was in March a year ago that he was sent into exile. Exactly how long he remained in Siberia is perhaps known only to the Government that issued the decree. Some time ago he was returned to Ekaterinburg to await his trial at Moscow. The charges against him were apparently the same as those against Louis XVI, and he was embodied in the documents which the Bolsheviks had found in ransacking his palace. Louis was brought in from Versailles in September and he was tried and guillotined in the January of the next year. Revolution seems to have given both these rulers almost the same number of months of terrors and frightful suspense.

What the effect of his death will have upon Russia must be a matter of conjecture. It would perhaps not be amiss to say that had he lived NICHOLAS would not have been returned to the throne. His hold upon the people was slight as the Russian Czar; the superstitious peasant or the older of the Russian conservatives had held him in veneration as the Little Father, the head of the Church. But he was not an engaging enough character to gather a strong personal following as a pretender.

Again, it may be possible that his

assassination will sober Russia, already weary of the excesses and the incompetency of the Bolsheviks. The reports have so far given but the most meagre of details, but they apparently confirm the report that the Czar's assassination came also the overthrow of the Bolsheviks. ROMANOFF and his Terrorists, who had built upon the ruins of monarchy, also fell after they had sent Louis to his death. And out of that overthrow sprang the forces that restored France to sanity. The power that now shall have its turn at the rehabilitation of Russia may be, as some of the despatches indicate, the sturdy soldier Grand Duke NICHOLAS. He is not the weakling that his nephew was, and with proper support of the vital factors of the country he may be able to lift Russia back to its place as a nation. But Russia has been a world unto itself, controlled by its own rules. To attempt to foretell now the fate that awaits it would be to indulge in mere speculation.

That great, unwieldy Russia will yet return to reason no one doubts. But when?

Perilous Sidestepping.

The Board of Estimate has side-stepped the issue of a living salary for the policemen and firemen of New York.

It has, it is true, passed a blanket resolution, nebulous in its character, calling upon department heads to readjust their offices in a manner that will "make funds available to meet meritorious and necessary increases in salaries of city employees." This, however, is the assignment of a task that will take months to complete. It is not meeting squarely the acute situation which confronts the police, the firemen, and indeed the city itself.

One way to have handled the case would have been to vote an issue of special revenue bonds large enough to provide an increase of 10 per cent. in the pay of the two uniformed bodies that are so sorely in need of money for living expenses. This would provide relief until the readjustment of all the departments is made.

We regret that the board had neither the courage to take this step nor the courtesy to give to the policemen and the firemen, who had petitioned the board in a regular and respectful way, a definite answer. Their petitions were referred to their respective Commissioners. If it were not for the gravity of the situation this would be ludicrous; for Fire Commissioner DRENNAN appeared recently before the board to endorse the claims of the firemen and Police Commissioner EXMUR had already expressed, in the columns of THE SUN, his hearty support of the patrolmen's request. We do not know of any rule which prevents the Board of Estimate from dealing with a situation like the present without a formal communication from a department head.

The SUN submits that the Board of Estimate, by involving the matter of policemen's and firemen's pay in a general scheme for salary increases that must take months to work out, has not been fair to the men whose petition was before them. With many of the uniformed men it is a question, demanding an immediate answer, whether they shall have an increase of income or leave the city service to take better paying occupations. To ask them to wait months, with the possibility of the city's refusal at the end of that time, is not fair play. The SUN has proved that the increase they ask is deserved, and the Board of Estimate has conceded it.

The issue cannot be concealed behind a cloud of technical resolutions. New York must pay the police and the firemen more or take the risk of losing many of them. That is a matter more important than the change of a figure in the tax rate—whether the political students in the Board of Estimate think so or not.

Conscientious Objectors.

The examination, by a special board, of 187 conscientious objectors at Camp Gordon has resulted in the acceptance of noncombatant duty by seventy-two, the withdrawal of their pleas by twelve, who had not understood the questions put to them, and the furloughing for farm work at private's pay of twenty-three. These were men of religious scruples, which were proved to be sincerely held. Fifty-four men were ordered to accept service; if they refuse their duty they will be court-martialed. Four men were held for further examination, eight pleaded enemy citizenship but could not establish it, and four, who were in the hospital, escaped the examination.

The purpose of the board conducting the examination was to grant exemption from military duty to all those who deserve it, and to assign the shirkers and cowards who assumed it merely to escape service to duty. The problem of raising men for the army did not influence them, because the number of men claiming exemption on the ground of conscientious objection is so small that their inclusion or exclusion from the forces would be a matter of no account. But it was necessary that there should be no abuse of the privilege and that no respectable sect should be used to serve the purposes of craven or lazy men.

The result of the examination discloses the difficulty involved in deciding concerning a man's serious convictions. At first glance it appears simple and easy to win freedom from military service by asserting conscientious objections. But these objections must hold together under questioning. They must be of a three to withstand analysis. Few men can improvise a dishonest defence of a dishonest contention that will not go to pieces when it is impartially scruti-

zined. The initial falsehood is quickly and glibly told, but the corroboration comes hard.

Probably the Camp Gordon figures will prove to be an accurate index of the situation in other cantonments. The number of men offering conscientious objections to war as a reason for non-inclusion in the army is amazingly small and the frauds among them are going to be shown up without trouble.

The Indictment of Mrs. Story.

The law presumes an accused person to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty. The indictment, therefore, of Mrs. WILLIAM C. STORY and her sons for the misapplication of contributions to a war charity should not be regarded as establishing their alleged wrongdoing; for it amounts merely to this: that the evidence laid before the Grand Jury by the District Attorney, in the absence of contradiction or explanation, was on its face sufficient to make out a violation of the law. Upon a trial before a petit jury, when the defendants have an opportunity to be heard and to meet this evidence against them with counter proof, they may be completely exonerated.

Mrs. STORY is so well and widely known on account of her leadership and activities in the Daughters of the American Revolution that her indictment has naturally produced a painful impression; and all generous minded persons will wish that she may successfully overcome the accusation against which she has been called upon to defend herself. She is entitled to a suspension of judgment on the part of the public until her case has been determined in the way provided by law.

Irrespective of the outcome, however, the case ought to serve as a warning lesson to all persons concerned in raising money for charitable purposes connected with the war or anything else. When such an undertaking is announced the responsible managers should publish in detail a statement of the expenses which are to be defrayed out of the moneys collected and the names of the persons, firms or corporations to whom payments are to be made, specifying what services they have rendered or are expected to render in furtherance of the enterprise. This might involve some trouble, but it would be an effective safeguard, not only against inexcusable misappropriations but also against unfounded accusations of wrongdoing.

The Hon. CHICK EVANS lost a golf match in Minneapolis after being accused in that cautious town because he had left his golf club in a car at home in Chicago.

A champion once lost a match on a putting green because a caddy sneezed just as the player was swinging his putter. At a like critical moment, what must be the effect upon a player who yet feels the strong hand of the law on his good putting arm?

Par Western players are laying in big stocks of the best silk fabric obtainable—Trade note.

Then it is Mrs. and the Misses who are instructing the suitor to inform their Representative in Congress in Washington that Flora McFadden will have nothing on the belief of the wheat belt if the Government makes \$2.20 instead of \$2.50 a bushel the minimum price for wheat.

New York's neighbor Newark needed a million or so more than she had available at the moment for public work and issued bonds paying 5 per cent. interest. This was an increase over the rate at which she has secured money for some years.

The increase was doubtless a matter of judgment of her Commissioners that the demand of the Federal Government and many industries for money was so great a more inviting rate was necessary to secure buyers. The result proves that that judgment was wrong. The bonds were sold to dealers at practically 4 per cent. premium and the dealers must have known that they could resell to investors at a profit. There seems to be a text here for those financial preachers who are suffering from pains in their throats.

Farmer JIM MARTINE was picked for United States Senator by the main power that has commanded Hexxy Ford to run in Michigan.

THE CRIPPLED BEGGAR.

He Does Not Represent the Industrial Self-respecting Majority.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The public has too often conceived the idea of a cripple with that of a beggar. The resulting reaction has done a great injury to the cause of the self-respecting disabled man in regarding him as a subject for pity rather than for trade training and employment.

To be sure there is historical precedent for this attitude, for in past decades and centuries various peoples have looked upon the cripple as the status of road-side beggar or at best employed him as a jester or court fool. And in our experience the latter is the rule, because we have seen many cripples at street corners making public exhibition of their deformity or amputation and soliciting alms of the passers-by. The number of these beggars is small in comparison to the great body of physically handicapped men who are usefully employed, but the few have vigorously advertised, have made a considerable impression on the susceptibilities of the community, and have reaped a profitable harvest. A bank teller reported recently the case of a crippled street beggar who deposited in a savings account, after paying his living expenses, \$10 weekly.

That the beggar cripple has been permitted to ply his trade is a great injustice to the disabled men of character and independence. The practice should have been stopped in the past; it is absolutely necessary that it be prohibited in the future. For with the expectation of our soldiers who will return disabled from the front the public should have no excuse for associating their prospective career with that of the mendicant. On the contrary every influence should be brought to bear upon the public to show that physical disability is an obstacle, but easily surmountable with character and ambition, and that the cripple may be made into a useful and productive citizen.

In several cities there have been inaugurated campaigns to drive the crippled beggar from the streets and give him the alternative of productive employment or a stay in jail. Such efforts should be initiated every community and persevered in until the unfortunate conception of the cripple shall exist in the public mind no more.

Such activity may well be undertaken as a first step in preparation for the return of our disabled soldiers and sailors.

DOUGLAS C. McMURTRY,
Director Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men,
New York, June 28.

The Question of Pairs.

Two gentlemen from Texas, unfortunately divided in opinion as to the terms of a House pair on a dry amendment to some bill, were an added attraction to the neighborhood of the House office building when they manfully put up their dukes and argued it out as the Marquis of QUEENSBERRY advised.

It is probable that this sprightly method of determining the rights and wrongs of the fine spun ethics enveloping the pair question will be more popular with a majority of Americans than that adopted in the Senate. The talented Texans never side-stepped the main proposition, that

THE NAVAL CONSULTANTS.

An Official Account of the Work of the Consulting Board.

From a speech by W. L. Saunders at the dinner of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, Washington, June 21.

To me has been given ten minutes to speak of the Naval Consulting Board, five of the time. I speak, alas, as one of experience when I say that a single sentence on this subject might stir up more trouble for the speaker than a ton of TNT. About a year ago, when I was only a freshman, serving the Government for glory and a dollar a year, I included in a speech before the House a prophecy: "Prophesy is a dangerous tramping ground for the tenderfoot. I said that American genius would solve the submarine menace and that the Naval Consulting Board had already made substantial progress in that direction. Forthwith I fell into the hands of the Philistines, in modern terms called newspaper reporters. When it was all over and I recovered consciousness a Red Cross nurse seemed to be holding a glass of Jersey lightning to my lips. There is a story of an English Tommy who was convalescing from his first dose of trench warfare. A visitor at the hospital asked him to describe the wonderful sensation of being in a battle. He said, "First you 'ear 'an 'ell of a noise, then you 'ear the nurse say, 'You better drink a little of this.'"

Well, I fear that the German submarine, like the liar, the thief, the murderer and the rattlemaker, will be always with us. But I am sure, thanks to the English and American navies, aided by civilian workers, this dishonorable practice no longer threatens starvation or disaster to civilized nations. The British Prime Minister is my authority for the statement that the submarine is no longer a menace, but is still a nuisance. Mr. Arthur Pollard adds that it is an awful nuisance. I should call it a damnable nuisance.

As to the part taken by the Naval Consulting Board I quote from the recent annual report of the Secretary of the Navy:

"The work of the board, organized and approved by Congress in 1915, has increased very materially in importance and volume. Some time before the active entry of this country in the war the board called a special meeting, to which were invited some fifty of the leading scientists and industrial managers, whose specific study fitted them to advise on the methods of meeting the submarine problem. Plans were immediately made to investigate every field to develop a means of preventing destruction of vessels and of defeating the U-boat. The investigation was divided according to the experience of the different members and associated scientists, and with cooperation and valuable assistance of the various manufacturing companies interested a highly developed system of team work has been attained and results accomplished not dreamed of at the beginning of the war."

And again: "Valuable assistance has been rendered merchant shipping by the board's activities. Through its initiative, counsel and work the United States Shipping Board formed its ship protection committee, taking over the study of the protection of merchant ships, and this committee was a detailed one of the consulting board's staff. The board's members, qualified in shipbuilding and with sea experience, in this field the board's work has resulted in materially reducing the shipping risk, with a consequent lowering of marine insurance rates."

The board has stimulated interest in war problems. It has stirred a patriotic spirit and effort among inventors. More than 65,000 suggestions and plans have been considered and acted upon.

Our relations with the bureau chiefs and other officers of the navy are most cordial. Individual members of the board, like naval attachés, are from time to time called into action to aid an executive in designing or building something of value in the war service. While there are many standing committees covering different fields of scientific work, yet each member is a committee unto himself in cooperating with naval officers.

Through the vision of Secretary Daniels this board was created about one and a half years before the United States entered the war. This act of early preparation resulted in the survey and listing of all the manufacturing industries of the country, a useful thing which has been done before. The board's card index, in now serving its purpose, bringing promptly and efficiently all the resources of the nation to the aid of the army and navy.

More than this should not be said at the present time of the work of this board. If any one would like to ask questions I shall be glad to answer them—after the war is over.

The Wasteful Feed Bag.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Will some one please call attention to the waste of oats in the streets throughout the land, made possible by the use of faulty feed bags on horses' heads? Besides littering the streets, the waste that goes on daily is a gross offense when the call for economy is so incessant. Why doesn't the Department of Agriculture offer a prize for a new bag that would obviate waste and yet provide comfort for the horse. A CONSERVATIONIST.

Dead Trees in Central Park.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Would it not be a wise act to cut down at once the numerous dead trees in Central Park and in the city, which, when sawed into suitable lengths, to the poor?

As an admirer of trees I think it would give greatly aid to the beauty of our playground.

H. B. BRUNDETT,
New York, June 28.

Acme of Woe.

Kicker—Of all sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are those of a pecker who's wife has sharpened.

The Glorious Fourth in Nancy.

They're going to celebrate the Fourth in Nancy.

To whom it will be 10 O'Clock Sam, they say.

Considerable things, plain and fancy, will decorate the menu for the day.

The kids no doubt will be on hand in Nancy.

Their shrill "Heep! Heep!" will make the welkin ring.

And their eyes will pop their sockets when they see the red and the white.

And the Roman candles do the usual thing.

If you're really going to do it right in Nancy.

Get the water pitcher ready, M. le Maire, Learn in English, "Pellow chik" hand the bottle.

And you'll give an imitation more than fair.

MATRICE MORRIS.

LOUIS IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

With Heroin and Stimulants He Dodges Death.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: In 1903 the entire English and American (five) population of Apia were attending our Consul's funeral. The cortege left the residence. Yours truly was among the hundreds of followers. Suddenly the most wonderful of tropical rainstorms raged. This means that two storms, meeting from opposite directions, clashed into each other with the vehemence of a tornado. To describe it requires the splendor of poetry. Naturally, to come to earth again, the entire procession was delayed. I included. Here I must explain to New Yorkers: tropical villages have only one street, an unpaved road; houses are far apart. When the storm was wild and we were drenched the graveyard was three miles away, and I was one mile away from my small shanty "hotel." Here was a difficult problem provided without delay. For my mind stalked the dread phantom of tropical fever, which must be evaded in spite of a funeral. Our dear Consul had departed. Yet we were living. He would not act in a human way. While haranguing with myself and my scruples, we came in sight of the hotel. This decided me to act promptly. To my ten friends I said: "We for the hotel. Come, follow me. Why don't they halt the funeral for an hour, till the rain stops?" Eight of them followed me, while the procession passed on. The next day, most of those who went to the graveyard, three miles in a fever inducing downpour, were waiting in the throes of tropical fever, while I and my friends had been saved by our timely rush to the barroom. Each hotel there, only three, has a bar, just like in New York.

Another incident, more serious than the foregoing, happened some weeks afterward. Adventurous as a Stanley, I proposed to myself a walk to a plantation owned by a friend before he had invited me to inspect his grounds. I started at about 9 A. M. Three hours afterward, after trotting up and down hill, through the "bush," I reached his house to find a view. After a fine lunch he showed me around. Again, dissatisfied, I deluged poured upon me. Drenched (there was nothing on but a shirt, trousers, shoes and socks and a felt hat), we had to walk back to the house in the rain. "Let my wife dry your shirt," said my host. "You'll catch the fever if you don't." At 3 P. M. I extended my thanks to him. The tropical sun poured his malign rays upon me, when at 4 P. M., pressing through the low bush, I suddenly felt enfeebled. Here I was two hours away from Apia. With heroic effort I strode on, well knowing if I lingered the dire hand of fever would seize me. On, on! At last, beach and coconut palms were visible, and I was within a mile of my goal. Relief urged me to conquer. There—I saw the veranda of my hotel. To the bar, I hallooed. I dropped to the floor, convulsed and weak.

"Why, man, you've got an attack of the worst fever!" "Take quinine," another advised. My wife had not been deserted. Up to the top of the stairs of your Australian claret. First a good old cocktail. "These I gulped down. At supper I had another pint of claret. After, all bedtime, I managed, off and on, ten gin and whiskeys. But after the second pint of wine my powers returned. And at bedtime I had laid the dragon to sleep, to the surprise of all the veterans at the hotel.

This proves that I had doctored myself with the simplest, most inexpensive medicines, minus the exorbitant fees of a practitioner, whose advice would have caused obligation to be bridled. A. C. To my wife, I said, "You're rolling ahead of you? Do you want, heroically dash your spear of quick, powerful treatment upon the dragon. Like unto my experience, you shall be swiftly cured. Then let the benefits of alcohol, taken judiciously, be properly extolled in the pharmacopoeia of the medical profession."

GREAT CITIES' MORALS.

New York Has at Least a Cleaner Look Than the Teuton Capitals.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: New York is the cleanest of the capitals of the world in regard to morals. To judge justly one must know about the morals of the other big cities like Berlin and Vienna. What decent man was not shocked by the scenes of debauchery and immorality of thousands of vaunted women on Friedrichstrasse and Leipzigerstrasse in Berlin, on the Graten, Ringstrasse or Kaerthnerstrasse in Vienna? In many other streets, in a great number of coffee houses, restaurants and hotels of both Teuton capitals, the immoral traffic is a recognized industry. Its victims are European and American. In general, we are surprised and delighted to find in New York such a big city, such a rich city, where the women are so pretty, well dressed, free and bent to enjoy life—a city so very clean morally, so very free from the open, commercialized forms of vice. Vice is present in New York, but it is hidden, it is underground, it is surrounded and defended by mental makeup, recitatives of vice in every community, village or city. It thrives in darkness and isolation better than in the brilliant lights of cabarets.

New York cannot be an exception in that regard, but it ventures the opinion that it has less of it than any other city, taking into consideration the population, than smaller cities, because it offers to young and mature a greater variety of clean amusements, which is the safest preventive of immorality. If hidden vice is rampant, does it not reflect rather on the inefficiency of commerce and the materialism of the age, on a universal badness of a whole community? Preachers must attack vice at its sources and abodes, not from pulpits.

New York has cleaner morals than other capitals because: The American woman is more genuinely admired and better respected than the women in other countries. The American woman is better protected by laws than her sisters in other lands. The American man is morally cleaner than other men and more of a real gentleman in regard to women, even when he has not the polished manners of some foreigners.

To frequent a good cabaret no man need to be ashamed. It is not a sin and very human. To hear a catchy song, to see a beauty, a clever dancer, an artistic arrangement of colors in live pictures, is only a gratification of man's

DEAR, LOVELY CHELSEA IN THE DAYS OF JIM FISK.

A Neighbor's Recollections of the Mansfield, the Colonel's Gum Shoes and the Erie Railroad Fights and Injunctions.

"Old Times" letter in THE SUN brings up many interesting recollections. It was in 313 West Twenty-third street that Colonel Jim Fisk lived and from which he had a covered way leading to his box in the Grand Opera House, previously called Pilsa's Opera House, after the builder of it. In 313 Helen Josephine Mansfield lived but a short time, as Colonel Fisk soon installed her in the high stooped four story brown stone house next to that known as the Langtry house. This was torn down within a year, giving place to the apartment now on the site and east of its neighbor. Strange to say, not a word of its passing appeared in the three morning papers which I read, and stranger still, the all seeing SUN missed the incident, unless I overlooked the paragraph.

The Colonel furnished the house in the grandest style and presented it to Josie, who lived there in affluence. My residence was a block away, and it passed there every evening in going home, and it was a common sight to see her waiting coach with black horses and white harness with silver trimmings, rivaling in gorgeousness that of the deceased Buchu Helmbold's, except that he sported four horses. With his splendid car harness there were coachmen to match. Often have I seen a crowd standing to gaze awestruck at her as she descended the high stoop to her carriage.

Size and weight in womanhood are said to be the chief characteristics of feminine beauty in the Teuton lands, and the Mansfield certainly would have had first place in any pasha's household, for she was big and fat and fair and nearing forty.

Matters must have gone on peacefully and uneventfully with her and the Colonel for a long time, because nothing appeared in the papers about them and their domicile till Ed Stokes made her acquaintance, getting a foothold in the house and grounding himself in her affections, and the more elderly Colonel's nose was put out of joint. Then waywardness was treated at times to the overflow of stormy scenes which were conducted down the steps and sometimes to and on the sidewalk.

One fateful day Josie, by virtue of its being actually her house, ordered the Colonel out, and his rubber overalls, commonly called "gums," were thrown down the steps after him. This led to the blood feud between him and Stokes, who on that day after the scene, the Spectator in which Fisk was triumphant and in which was shadowed forth the imminent breaking up of Stokes's oil refinery business in Long Island City, which the Colonel was attacking in revenge for the loss of his Josie, Stokes followed him from the court house and shot him from the staircase of the Grand Central Hotel.

Any old timer who remembers G. L. Fox's burlesque of "Richelieu," then being played at Niblo's Garden, will recollect that Richelieu, when setting out to visit the Grand Conqueror, called to faithful Joseph, "I say, Joe, old boy, bring me my Twenty-third street gum."

THE SUN had a column on the subject of Fisk's expulsion from the house and the tossing of his overalls after him, which was very amusing, and jokes about one's "gums" were rife for a long time afterward.

Four correspondents' references to the Erie Railroad headquarters in the Grand Opera House, review some attractive scenes, days of injunctions, mandamus, seizures with court orders and without them, and battles in the hallways between sheriff's deputies and Fisk's and Gould's henchmen, which gave special interest to the daily papers and were followed by the readers as they were the war news of to-day. Every morning the paper looked first at the Fisk-Erie headlines to see what the opposing armies had accomplished the day and night before, because many of Fisk's and Gould's smartest moves were executed at night when high injunctions granted overnight by the commissioners were in force, before whom Fisk always managed to have the Erie's affairs brought.

Injunctions followed injunctions so rapidly and bewilderingly that it was impossible to know where either side "was at."

Injunctions were the laughing topic of the town and all sorts of jokes on the Erie were in order. In the play of "Richelieu" it will be remembered that the Cardinal boldly faces his enemies, and Booth was so grand in this, defying them, and sweeping his hand in the air around his frightened ward he tells them that they enter the chamber circle he has so drawn around her he will "hurl" at them the curse of Rome."

In the burlesque of the play Fox produced a lump of "chalk" as big as a watermelon, and handling it with both hands drew an imaginary ring around the harassed girl, imaginarily, for it made no mark, and, incidentally, having his grand style, said, "Sit, but don't get within yon charmed circle and I hurl the curse of Rome at you."

desire for artistic impressions. The show is not sin if the listener is not a sinner.

Concerning Sunday papers, we can't say without them. Stokes and the Erie were a miserable and unhappy without those products of brilliant minds. We need both the Sunday papers and the Sunday sermons. To produce them labor must be employed. In Europe Sunday newspapers, Sunday performances in theatres, Sunday games and concerts are the rule. The old world is not so wicked or unconcerned about the eternal fires, but is convinced that many clean amusements on Sunday are the best prevention of vice. Dr. JULIUS HERRER, New Britain, Conn., June 28.

BEER AND THE WORKMAN.

Some Figures to Prove That They Are Not Insuperable.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The papers have given great publicity to the statements of Mr. Hurley and Mr. Colby of the Shipping Board to the effect that efficiency in the shipyard is increased if beer is taken from our workmen. While not discussing here the merits of war prohibition, I do feel that such statements as the above, for whatever purpose uttered by men close to the Administration, might hurt the ratification of permanent national prohibition if allowed to stand unchallenged. After hearing them at Washington I went myself to Manchester, N. H., a city that went dry on May 1, 1918. It has about 50,000 inhabitants, about 60,000 of these foreigners supposed by Mr. Hurley to follow beer to the death.

There are four great industries in the city, employing altogether about 22,000 operatives, mostly foreigners. I interviewed, through the great courtesy shown me by the managers, the employ-

DEAR, LOVELY CHELSEA IN THE DAYS OF JIM FISK.

A Neighbor's Recollections of the Mansfield, the Colonel's Gum Shoes and the Erie Railroad Fights and Injunctions.

"Old Times" letter in THE SUN brings up many interesting recollections. It was in 313 West Twenty-third street that Colonel Jim Fisk lived and from which he had a covered way leading to his box in the Grand Opera House, previously called Pilsa's Opera House, after the builder of it. In 313 Helen Josephine Mansfield lived but a short time, as Colonel Fisk soon installed her in the high stooped four story brown stone house next to that known as the Langtry house. This was torn down within a year, giving place to the apartment now on the site and east of its neighbor. Strange to say, not a word of its passing appeared in the three morning papers which I read, and stranger still, the all seeing SUN missed the incident, unless I overlooked the paragraph.

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